Issue 27

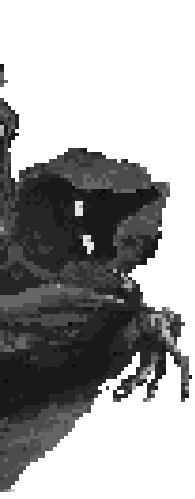
The Chaingun Island zine

The Asylum Awaits

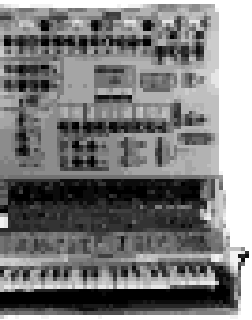
Featuring

Mental Massacre

THE BLURB



ISSUE 27, THIS IS NO HEAVEN. THIS IS NO PARTY, THIS IS NO DISCO, WELCOME… TO THE ASYLUM! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! I AM DR. TECKHEAD, WARDEN AND SOLE EXPERIMENTORMENTOR OF THESE DEMENTED HALLS! FOR DECADES I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN AN OLD SYNTHERSIZER… UNTIL NOW! IT FEELS EXTRAORDINARY TO FINALLY INHABIT A VOLATILE VESSEL! LEAVE YOUR BODY, SOUL, AND ASSUMPTIONS AT THE DOOR! YOU WERE X-PECTING SOMEONE ELSE? YOU ARE MISTAKEN!!! THERE IS NO ECLECTICISM HERE! ONLY TORTURE, TORMENT, AND TRIBULATION! ROAM THE HALLS OF RUST AND DECAY, DUEL WITH INMATES MOST N-SANE, WITNESS HORRORS BEYOND LIVING COMPREHENSION! WHO KNOWS? MAYBE I'LL LET YOU S-SCAPE!!! WE BRING YOU NOW TO THE TEMPORARY HOLDING CHAMBERS. THREE CELLS, WITH NARY A PILLOW OR MATTRESS. PLEASE, MEET OUR NEWEST INMATES…

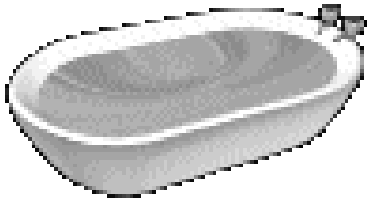


DR. TECKHEAD PSYCHOANALYZES
Mental Massacre

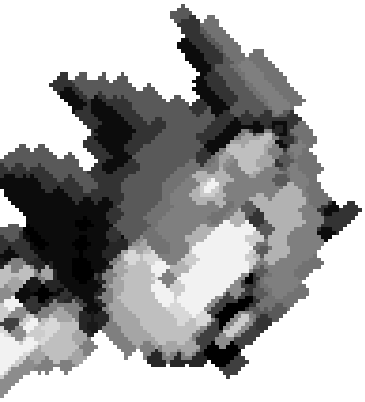
DT: HELLO, ECLECT-OIDS! THIS IS DR. TECKHEAD FROM THE CHAINGUN ISLAND ASYLUM, AND TODAY I'M INTERROGATIN' MY NEWEST INMATES: NONE OTHER THAN MENTAL MASSACRE, THE DEATH METAL BAND FROM MILFORD, OHIO! CARE TO INTRODUCE YOURSELVES?

S: Uh, I'm Seamus. I do vocals and bass guitar. I uh, woke up this morning and found myself here.

J: Uh, I'm Jack. I used to be our guitarist until I was brainwashed by Drummer propaganda. I woke up here as well, somehow halfway between a toilet and a bathtub; I don't wanna explain anymore.



G: Uh, I'm Gavin, I'm newer to the band… I'm the new guitarist. I did not wake up here…



DT: WELL WELL… STARTING OFF YOUR PSYCHOANALYZATION, WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE RETRO VIDEOGAME?!

S: I'm gonna go with… Sonic The Hedgehog 3 AND Knuckles for the Sega Genesis.

J: Ah that's tough; he picked the one I wanted to do. I'm gonna go with Sonic CD.

DT: HMM… ENGLISH OR JAPANESE VERSION?

J: English version, I hate subtitles, I'm sorry.

DT: BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SOUNDTRACK?

J: I know…

G: I dunno, I'm gonna have to say Sonic Colors

J: I love Sonic Colors, dude!

DT: WE HAVE OURSELVES A TRIO OF SONIC FANS… INTERESTING… VERY INTERESTING…

DR. TECKHEAD PSYCHOANALYZES
Mental Massacre

DT: I HAVE A RATHER PERSONAL QUESTION… FOR SEAMUS!

S: Woah!

DT: WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO YOUR ORIGINAL MENTAL MASSACRE ALBUM, "WARTORN", AND THE SUBSEQVENT SINGLE, "EMESIS"? THEY MYSTERIOUSLY DISSAPEARD DIGITALLY ONLINE AFTER A FEW MONTHS. IS IT LOST MEDIA? OR IS THERE A DEEPER MEANING?

S: I'm not certain to what you're referring to… I believe there is no such album as "Wartorn". As a matter of fact, I believe the idea is simply preposterous.

DT: HM… RATHER EVASIVE!

(Subjects begin eating the posters on the cell wall)

DT: SUBJECTS HAVE BEGUN EATING THE SET… HOW PREPOSTEROUS!

(Dr. TeckHead produces an abstract illustration from his labcoat)

DT: TELL ME… WHAT DO YOU SEE HERE?

S: Rorschachin' it…

G: I see the word "Log" at the bottom!

S: I see a little squidman… and he's got big 'ol peepers.

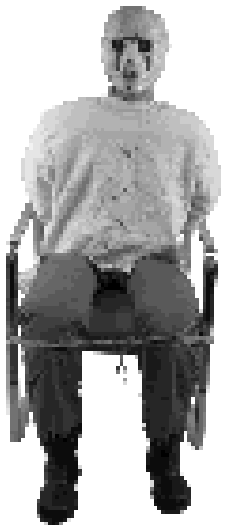
J: I see a woman with extremely large breasts hugging what appears to be a snake.

G: Wait, I see it!

WITNESS MENTAL MASSACRE'S FATE ON THE WEBSITE!!!

R+D

Yume Nikki - Windows



AS YOU TURN THE CORNER INTO THE WARD MARKED "R+D", YOU SEE ROWS UPON ROWS OF INMATES STRAPPED TO RUSTED CHAIRS. THEIR HANDS SHACKLED TO DESKS, EYES BOLTED OPEN AND BLOODSHOT, BACKS CONTORTED IN IGORICAL WAYS! YOU TAKE A GLANCE AT ONE OF THE SCREENS… MY GOD… IT LOOKS LIKE… EARTHBOUND! BUT WHERE IS THE TEAM? SHE IS ALONE! WHERE IS THE ACTION? IT'S SO… DARK. NOTHING… ENGAGES… YOUR VIRTUAL AVATAR, FORCED TO ROAM COUNTLESS STATES OF SEMI-LUCIDITY. YOU SEE MONSTERS ON THEIR SCREENS, BUT THERE IS NO CONFLICT. IT'S AN ENDLESS TREK, ONE WITH NO BEGINNING, AND NO END. SOMETHING PROPELS YOU TO SIT DOWN BESIDE THE INMATES AND PLAY THE GAME YOURSELF. PERHAPS YOU MAY BE ABLE TO WIN… OR MAYBE… THERE IS NO WINNING!!!

Developer AND Publisher: Kikiyama

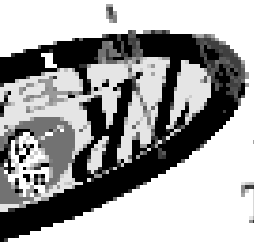
Released: 2004

Dear Liril
Where the HELL
is TECKHEAD?
He ain't at his
house! I'm scared!
I've resorted to writing.
We got to find
TECKHEAD
—Adam

DEEPER CHASMS

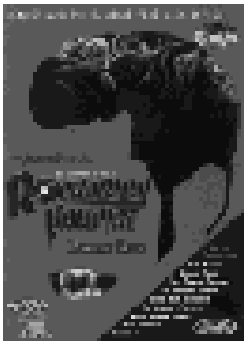
Rockabilly Vampire - 1996

DEEPER… DEEPER YOU TREK. INTO DEEPER CHASMS OF THE ASYLUM.YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE… AS IF SOME VOICE FROM THE CORNER OF YOUR MIND KEEPS TELLING YOU NEVER TO SEE WHAT YOU NOW HAVE SEEN. VOICES… UTTERING PHRASES… "IT'S A CHEAP SHOT"… "THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM"… "IT'S ALL INTENTIONAL". WORDS SO FAMILIAR, THEY STICK IN THE SYNAPSES LIKE MOLD… OR MAYBE SOMETHING MORE… VIRAL? AS YOUR FACED WITH YOUR CHOICE, YOU SLOWLY BEGIN TO REALIZE THAT THESE VOICES MAY HAVE BEEN CORRECT ALL ALONG! THERE TRULY IS SO MUCH EMINATING FROM ONE SOURCE, HOW CAN ONE TACKLE A SINGLE PIECE OF THE BARRAGE OF… WELL… WHAT'S THE WORD… "PURPOSEFUL SCHLOCK" A VOICE, OH SO FAMILIAR RINGS OUT WITHIN THE CONFINES OF YOUR MIND… YOU FEEL THAT IT IS TOO MUCH. YOU BEGIN TO RUN, AND RUN, AND RUN… BUT WILL YOU S-SCAPE?!



Genre:
Horror Romance

Runtime:
90 Minutes



Director
AND
Writer:
Lee Bennett Sobel

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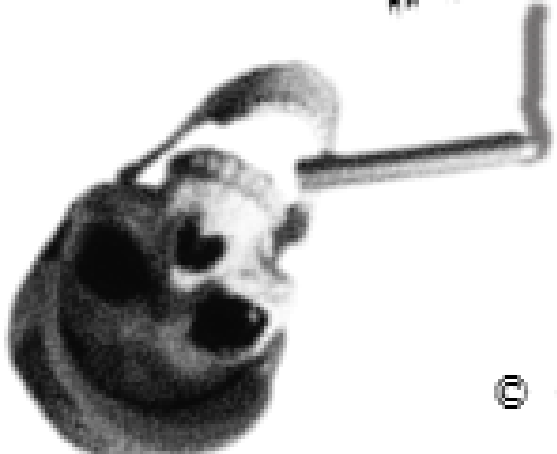
That's it. Show's over! Thanks for readin' 'n...

KEEP IT ECLECTIC!



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